THE Johnson Journal

Freshman Issue

February, 1940

fool." If students seen throwing paper on the floor were told by Mr. Hayes to clean a few rooms after school with Mr. Callahan, the floors would be kept much cleaner. All this may be accomplished by having Mr. Hayes appoint a group of senior boys to aid in finding out who the students are who push, run, throw paper on the floor, and move chairs in the hall. These pupils may be reported to Mr. Hayes and he may deal with them justly and accordingly.

John Lanni '40

WHAT ABOUT THE AIRPLANE?

The airplane is one of our greatest scientific developments. Man has always watched the bird with envy and said, "The birds fly. Why can't I?" Several men experimented in this field and each one found something which assisted in perfecting the modern airplane. One day back in 1903 two brothers, sons of a bicycle manufacturer, flew the first airplane. They were Wilbur and Orville Wright.

The World War came and caused a great development in the airplane. It was steadily improved. Lieutenant Agello flew a Savia Machhi 72 at a speed of 440 miles per hour and test pilot Lloyd Child flew a Curtiss Hawk at a speed of over 575 miles per hour during a test dive. Lieutenant Agello, however, still holds the world's speed record.

Established airlines reach three quarters of the way around the world. Planes are used by armies, navies, and railroads, for carrying machines, mail, passengers, etc. They are used for forest fire fighting and coast guard work, and prove very efficient.

The idea that flying is not safe or that planes are death traps is foolish. Statistics show that a higher percentage of passengers were killed in automobiles than in airplanes. In one year a while back, only eight people were killed in planes, but eighty were kicked to death by mules in Missouri only.

The autogyro, which is being experimented with now, has been perfected so that one can fish from it in a sixteen miles per hour headwind. Light sport planes, which are becoming more popular daily, are perfected to such an extent that the stalling speed is exceedingly low, around thirty miles per hour, and they can fly at a speed of from eighty-five to one hundred fifty miles an hour.

Aviation is growing fast, and although it is yet a young industry, I think that it offers an opportunity for the gifted young man who does well in school.

Dewey Dyer '43

A PRACTICAL OR GENERAL EDUCATION?

In all kinds of magazines, papers, and on radio programs, everywhere we go we see evidences of the great movement afoot to make popular practical education.

The advocates of this type of education claim, first: that it enables a greater number of girls and boys to rise in the scale of life; secondly, that it accomplishes this purpose more rapidly and simply than a so-called general education would. They claim that when a boy, for instance, finishes a course in air conditioning, Diesel engines, or electrical engineering, he is ready and well prepared to settle down at his life work.

Let us look their first claim over carefully. Does a practical education enable young people to live fuller lives as well as earn higher wages? I don't think it does.

For the purpose of clearly illustrating my point, let us take, for example, a young man who has just finished a course in Diesel engines. By

reading the advertisements of the school he attended we get the impression that there are about ten jobs to every graduate. However, we find out, and he also, that it is an entirely different story. There aren't nearly as many jobs open for these trained applicants as was hinted before they took their training. However, we'll be entirely fair and concede a position to this Diesel-trained young man. These jobs usually bring a fairly good salary, so we will start him at $30 a week, which is mighty decent of us.

All right, now he has a good job, a steady income. But is he, can he, be really happy? He has no knowledge of the master works in prose, poetry, drama, music and printing. Can he truly enjoy life without some knowledge of Shelley, Burns, Shakespeare, Beethoven, Mozart and the other great artists? Not only this, can he enjoy and be a part of educational, entertaining conversations? I don't think he can.

Of course, even after receiving his practical training he can study the great masters. But if he did, he would be very unusual. Once a person gets in the groove of such a daily routine, it is very difficult for him to remove himself. And so my advice to the youth of today would be to obtain first, a general education; second, if that is not sufficient, a practical education.

Robert J. Cunningham '40

WHAT THE SCOUT LAWS MEAN TO A GIRL SCOUT

When a girl joins the Girl Scouts, she first learns the ten laws of Girl Scouting. Part of the meeting includes the whole troop's repeating the laws. The following is a list of the laws as a Girl Scout interprets them. The first law is, "A Girl Scout's honor is to be trusted." This means that if a Girl Scout promises to do something she will surely do it. The second, "A Girl Scout is loyal," means that the girl is loyal to her family, her country, and God. The third, "A Girl Scout's duty is to be useful and to help others," means that whenever she can help in any way she is always ready to do it. In case of fire or accident she is there. The fourth, "A Girl Scout is a friend to all and a sister to every other Girl Scout," signifies that she should be friendly with everybody and dislike no one. The fifth is, "A Girl Scout is courteous." This law needs no explaining for all girls should be courteous. "A Girl Scout is a friend to animals," is the sixth. This means that she should never in any way try to harm a dumb animal. The seventh is, "A Girl Scout obeys orders." This means that the girl will listen to all orders given her and follow them. "A Girl Scout is cheerful," is the eighth law and means that she always looks on the bright side of things and tries to cheer up other people. The ninth, "A Girl Scout is thrifty," means that she does not spend her money on foolish things but tries to save it. The last and probably the most important is: "A Girl Scout is clean in thought, word, and deed."

Frances Peel '42

HOW TO STUDY FOR AN EXAMINATION

In preparing for an examination, the first thing to do is to gather all the needed materials together. These consist mainly of a sharpened pencil, a filled fountain pen, an eraser, and a small notebook. Next, arrange all your notes on the subject into one logical unit. This not only enables you to obtain an excellent review, but

also gives you more information on the subject matter covered in the examination.

You should prepare for an examination in a special way. First of all, study thoroughly the most important points of the chapter. Next, outline it, and arrange all the facts in logical order. Students should spend more time on important subjects, and merely read over the less important points of the chapter. This should be done, consecutively, in every chapter that is studied.

After taking down the necessary notes, and outlining the most important subject material, you should then study them carefully. This system achieves great results and satisfaction, in that it increases your knowledge so that you receive a good, passing mark in the examination.

Helen Burns '40

CAUSES OF FAILURES IN SCHOOL

One of the main causes of failure in school is physical weakness. The eyes of the student may be bothering him. He may be near or far sighted. He may not have the proper eyeglasses. What is just as bad, he may even be without glasses when he should be wearing them. Ears also have an effect on the student's studies. If a student cannot hear well he may miss out on much valuable information and instruction that is given in class. It may also discourage him so that he loses interest in his studies.

Another cause of failure is the mental one. Some students are mentally sick, and are therefore not able to grasp the point of the subject. They cannot concentrate on their work. Too many outside interests are another mental hazard. If a boy is worrying about tomorrow's game he cannot keep his mind on his work. Also, if he is worried or thinking about something which happened yesterday he cannot be giving his whole attention.

Another cause for lack of study is laziness. This probably more than anything else causes failures. Some students let everything go till the last minute and then pass in only a part of their very poor work. Still others keep putting work off and don't get it in at all. When punished or asked why they didn't do it, they usually make up some excuse of not having enough time or forgetting the assignment or losing their book. There is no excuse for laziness.

Joe Jacobs '40

LITERARY

REBEL VICTORY

Dulce Baxter lay in her large bed looking up at the canopy. Although it was only four o'clock it was almost dark. Outside the wind howled, and the trees tossed and swayed about madly. Inside, the only light in Dulce's room was from the glowing embers in the little fireplace. Soon she could hear the sound of carriage wheels rolling up the driveway. Then the door opened and Mammy waddled in, holding a candle high over her turbaned head.

"All right, Missy Dulce, you can get up now," drawled Mammy. With a bounce Dulce was standing on the

floor beside her, a rather tall, slender girl of about fourteen years.

"I never could understand why I had to take rests anyway," grumbled Dulce. "Who was in the carriage that just came, Mammy, and what are you doing with my best frock?"

"You hurry up and get into your pantalettes," ordered Mammy, reaching for a pair of dainty, black pumps. "You all having guests for dinner this evenin' and you has to at least look presentable. Gen'al Robert E. Lee am coming with some other men folks."

A look of mingled surprise and fright came over Dulce's face as she sat down on the bed.

"Now there just ain't no use in trying to get out of it, 'cause you got to grow up sometime."

Ever since her mother had died two years ago, Dulce, an only sister to two older brothers, had naturally assumed a few of her mother's responsibilities. Now that the war had come she had been rather forgotten as her father and brothers were always busy. However, being an only girl was an advantage this evening, as she had to act as hostess for her father.

She took one last fleeting glimpse at her reflection. The picture she saw mirrored there was not an unpleasant one. Her dark curls shone, and her snapping black eyes twinkled under long, curling lashes. Her nose was slightly upturned above a sweet mouth curled in its own peculiar smile. Her graceful figure was clothed in a very full, old rose taffeta gown with a narrow, black velvet ribbon around her waist. Feeling very sure of herself she started down the long, winding staircase, lingering for just a moment on each velvet carpeted stair as she had been carefully taught.

Everything was as it should be during dinner with Dulce playing her part very well. Leaving the men to talk, she went to her room to prepare for bed. The grandfather's clock out in the hall struck ten but Dulce did not hear it as she was sound asleep.

Suddenly she was awakened. The clock boomed three now, and outside the rain was still pattering on the leaves. She slipped on her kimona, and ran down the stairs to her father's study. Upon arriving, however, she saw her father standing calmly at the window watching a long file of people going in by the servant's entrance. As each one passed the lantern he would count. Dulce could hear him muttering, "44-45-46-47" then—"My lord! Lee, there are three missing."

Dulce could hear someone putting on some heavy boots and then coming towards the door in which she was standing. Quickly she hid behind the portiere and waited until everyone had gone out of the study. Then quietly she tiptoed in. Glancing on the floor she saw a scrap of paper lying on the hearth beside her. The paper was pretty well charred but Dulce could make it out. It read:

"Fifty (50) Confederate soldiers to be housed at Faber E. Baxter's. Keep there until you hear from us."

The sound of carriage wheels rolling out of the driveway was heard and Faber Baxter strode into the study. Too late! Dulce could not hide.

Her father of course saw the paper in her hand and snatched it from her. He gave her a glaring look and said, "When this is over I'll attend to you, my young lady."

Three days passed quietly by. Nothing had been said to Dulce as yet. The soldiers were still in the attic.

It had been a bright, sunny day.

About seven o'clock in the evening a sharp rap was heard at the door. It was a message from General Lee. It read: "The three missing soldiers could not get by the lines. A whole Yankee regiment is on its way to your place at this very hour. Even now I may be too late to save them."

He was, for even at that moment the regiment was speeding across the fields and up the drive.

Dulce, although quite young, was old enough to understand what was happening and even at that moment she was thinking of some way to get the Confederates out of the house before the Yankees arrived. This was of course impossible. From her bedroom window she could hear men talking.

"Mr. Baxter," said one of the men, "I have reason to believe you are harboring a company of Confederate soldiers, and I have orders from General Grant to search your house."

"Do as you like, sir, but I know you'll find nothing," he replied.

Dulce knew they would. She must think of something quickly to divert their attention. "Let's see," she thought, "what would they be most likely to get very excited about? A fire!"

She quickly took one of the lighted candles from the mantle, some old newspapers, and ran out the back door into the field. She was in luck. It hadn't rained for four days now and everything was fairly dry. She set the candle down in the dry hay and lit the newspapers from it and scattered them around.

The soldiers immediately saw it and took anything to help put it out. Only Dulce and her father knew it would burn itself out when it came to the creek which encircled the Baxter plantation. Meanwhile the Confederates were quietly slipping out one by one into the night. They were plainly visible against the roaring fire but no one noticed them because of the excitement. As soon as they got beyond the brightly illuminated barns and carriage houses they blended into the inky darkness.

The fire put out, the soldiers searched the house. Finding nothing, they were thanked, fed, and then left.

Nothing was ever said to Dulce about reading the paper. Always after this, however, each time her father looked at her a glow of pride ran through him.

Ann Chase '43

PICKING STRAWBERRIES

As I kneel down to pick the strawberries I can smell the musty odor of the rotten berries which are always on the vines.

I can see the green leaves crisp with the early morning dew like the green of the evergreen trees in the forest. The red leaves glisten in the sun like jewels.

As I hunt among the leaves for the berries, I have visions of the strawberry shortcake which seems to call to me like a voice from the future. No words can tell the thrill of berry picking.

Carleton Clay '42

SILENCE

On a still, moonless night the town's streets stretched like golden tunnels of light in the quiet indigo of the dark, weaving a mute pattern of loveliness. That silence, like a cloak of peace, was more eloquent than any fancy or elaborate words could ever be, a picture of contentment perfectly presented, a dark sky as background, a village street, in silence.

Phyllis Terret '42

PICKING BERRIES

A field of tall, wavy grass, and hiding down close to the earth are large blueberries, as blue as the sky above, waiting to be picked. The sun gets hotter and hotter, and the berries that seemed so large at first now seem smaller, and the top of the pail seems a long way off. The sweet smell of hay and the morning dew is now a sickening hot wave that rises from the blueberry bushes into my face. Suddenly I'm thirsty. My lips are cracked and dry. My tongue feels thick and parched, and the berries do look juicy, so I try one, then another, and I sit down to rest and visualize that juicy blueberry pie, which alas, is but a figment of the imagination, as I look into my coffee can and find it empty.

Constance Fitzgerald '42

COASTING

I felt so carefree as we flew down the hill on the speedy toboggan. The cool snow spraying up on my hot, excited face felt very refreshing. The toboggan went faster and faster, and when I closed my eyes I felt as if I were floating through space. Finally we stopped at the bottom of the hill ready to make the hot climb up again.

Frances Peel '42

THE CAFETERIA AT LUNCH HOUR

I can smell the familiar odor of hot dogs. Everybody is running at top speed down the stairs and through the corridors. The cafeteria is filled. I can't get my lunch. I was near the counter, but I got pushed back out. I finally found myself buying my lunch, but now to get out. Push! Bang! Ow! I'm out!

Anna Evangelos '42

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

They are like waterfalls; you never tire of watching them.

The smell of the wood and the setting of the fire bring refreshing memories, memories which encourage you to let loose your imagination. You tingle with the vivid thoughts of something; a place, a person, or an experience. With emotion you continue to gaze thoughtfully at the fire where your thoughts begin to form realistically, as pictures drawn with pencil. You are not surprised to see them there because they have come upon you gradually as the pencil-drawn picture did.

You will watch and watch until someone thoughtlessly takes you away from—nowhere, or until an inappropriate thought interrupts you there.

Beatrice Britton '42

PUSH-BUTTON RADIO

"Well, what's this? It's about time we got something new in this old house. Nothing left for a feller to fool around with any more. H'm-m! Seems to be a funny little box. Don't know what use it is to anybody. But wait—what are those peculiar knobs sticking out—must mean something—most likely something to play around with. And then there are those little pegs fixed on there—and over them is that jumble of numbers with lines poking up from under them. Let's try it! Don't dare? Oh, go way, all you do is twirl a couple of these knobs like this! There! Now to poke one of these buttons. What's that? Oh gosh, listen!"

"Ladie-e-e-es and gentlemen," (He must be going to make some fine speech or other) "do you suffer from fallen arches? Lift them up with 'Lift-them-ups,' that amazing new scientific discovery that puts you

back on your feet! Have you—?"

"Oh bosh! Who cares about that fiddle-a-boo? Not me! Let's try again. Your turn to push."

"And little Higgledy-Piggledy, the brave, good little piglet trotted to her mother and told her of the terrible naughty thing that Squiggly had done! Mrs. Piglet spanked the naughty Squiggly but Higgledy-Piggledy who was a very brave and a very good piglet got a big piece of chocolate cake with green frosting almost as good as you can get at Stale, Crusty and Co. Bakery. Be sure to tell—."

"Humph, not half as good as Ma can make, I'll bet! Hey! Get away from there—it's my turn!"

"Ladies, today Uncle Jim's got just the thing to cut down on that waistline. At the count of one, roll up with your toes at your ears; at two, take two deep breaths; at three, relax and unroll, flinging both arms out at the same time. Ready? Keep right up with Uncle Jim. Now, o-o-one, two, three, and o-o-one—."

"Phooey, a feller's got to be a rubber man to keep up with that guy. See if we can find cowboys and Indians on this jigger."

"Come on, all you foos. Stomp the stomp with Batty Glomp. Before you do, however, take a good dose of 'Chizzlers Pepper-upper.' It gives you more energy than ten chocolate bars. Feel good? You'll need to for here's 'And the Fools Came.' "

"Oh-h-h mercy! Sounds like Sis's throwing pots and pans again. Turn that guy off!"

"This is Lem E. B. A. Blatterbrain, folks! We'll leave Pansy Mae with a rope around her swan-like neck, sighing! Tomorrow we'll see whether our hero, Pill, rescues her from the villain Squinch. This is station WLB..."

"Trying to hide something from us with his old code, is he? We'll show him!"

"Ladies and gentlemen, mostly ladies however, have you taken advantage of this marvelous new offer that Skimpers, Inc., is offering? If you haven't, don't delay one minute. For a limited time only we're offering a gorgeous hankie with your own initials on it for ten box tops from No-Suds Soap Flakes and twenty-five cents in coin to cover costs of mailing. Be sure to include your name and address and a self-addressed stamped envelope. Only ten box tops and twenty-five cents! Send—."

"Phooey! No cowboys and Indians and no more pegs. I can't see why we don't get something useful around this old house. A feller hasn't a chance to do anything around here."

Dorothy Dainowski '40

RICH MAN, POOR MAN, BEGGAR MAN, THIEF?

A knock at the door interrupted my very interesting mystery novel. However, as my father answered I went on with my story. But as I read, snatches of conversation came to me and I began to sit up and take notice. Stealthily I crept to the window to see who was offering my father such a strange proposition.

Imagine my surprise to see a large colored man talking earnestly. He was immense, towering well over Dad. He was extremely well dressed, although a bit flashily, and presented quite a dashing appearance.

His strange proposition was this: "I'm dead broke. Won't you buy this diamond ring?" My father took it in his hand to examine it. It seemed to flash quite brilliantly, and I heard him remark that the ring was eighteen carat gold. Still he did not buy as he said he did not care for jewelry.

The negro tried to pursuade him,

reducing his price little by little until he was down to a dollar and a half. My father was still steadfast in his refusal and said, "Why don't you try a pawnshop?" At this suggestion, an odd, startled look came into his eyes, and making a gesture of helplessness he slowly turned and walked away.

This odd attitude left us wondering. Had he money and was he in a jam, was he really in need, or was the ring stolen property?

George Barker '43

MEETING MR. RUSSELL

One evening while the family was at home the door bell rang and I being near the door answered it. To my surprise I saw a bearded man with four huskies. Trying not to frighten me, he asked me if my mother was at home. Without asking him in or asking for his name I ran and told my mother that there was a strange looking man at the door with four dogs. She looked up at me with a very surprised expression and went to the door.

I heard her laugh and say, "Well, won't you come in, Dicky?"

He answered, "Why sure, but what about these huskies?"

"Bring them in. I don't think they will harm the children."

The door opened. In walked the four huskies, Mr. Russell and then my mother.

My mother said, "Children, come and meet Mr. Russell. He was one of the men who went on Mr. Byrd's expeditions and here are four of the dogs."

We all shook hands and went into the living room. The dogs sat by the fire. Mr. Russell took a chair by the fireplace and all at once we began asking questions.

We had talked and laughed for four hours before we realized that we were supposed to be in bed long ago.

Dicky asked mother if he could stay overnight, and she said, "Yes."

"But what about the dogs?" I asked.

"In the barn if that's all right with you." He looked at my father.

"Why sure," replied my father.

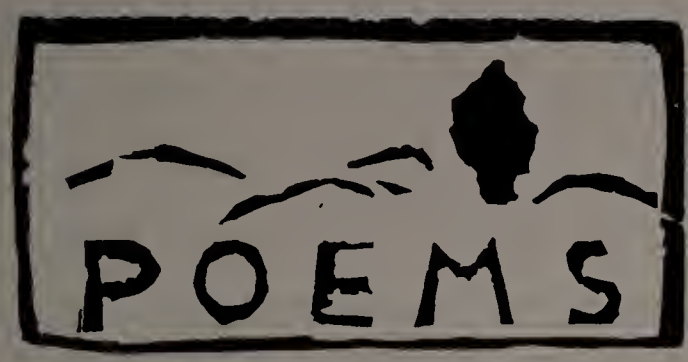
I went to bed but I was so excited I don't think I slept at all.

Barbara Earl '43

THE THEME

I need inspiration badly, but how can anyone feel inspired with such a horrible cold in the head holding one down when she should be soaring to the heights. That mysterious ailment sneaks up on you when you're looking the other way, and presto, chango, all your powers of concentration on higher things fly out the window. In tiptoes a theme to be written and all you can think of is a runny nose which, after it has been blown all day, looks like a bonfire, a hoarse throat that ruins an otherwise pretty fair voice, and puffy eyes which look like—hm—unspeakable words. All in all you keep thinking of your nightmarish appearance and become a nervous wreck. And Miss Blank said that the theme must be written on something beautiful and idealistic. Beauty and idealism! What place has a miserable, low-down, wretched cold with beauty and idealism? Oh, I'm going to dose myself with lemon and Vicks, go to bed, and dream sweet (?) dreams of an unwritten theme fighting a duel with the curse of a New Englander's winter, a cold.

Phyllis Terret '42



MY WORRY

Will the allies win or will they be beat?
Will the weather be rain, hail, snow or sleet?
Will they raise or lower the marriage fee?
None of these things worry me.

Will the birds come back when spring is here?
Will we have prohibition or more beer?
Will we still be ruled by Franklin D.?
None of these things worry me.

Will our national hero be Mickey Mouse?
Will we live in a trailer or dwell in a house?
Will Hitler dance in gay Paree?
None of these things worry me.

Will I pass in school and get an A?
Will Thanksgiving come in the month of May?
Birds, flowers, school, victory, defeat,
They don't worry me as long as I eat.

Arthur Greenwood '40

RUSH HOUR

Check for baggage—fifty-seven.
Five-fifteen on track eleven.
Lady, can I take your bag?
(Heavens, what a frightful hag!)
Evening papers, latest news.
Listen, Bud,—get off my shoes.
Straight arm, forearm, plunge and block—
Grand Central at five o'clock.

Marguerite Kenyon '40

YOUNG GIRL

A girl of beauty, full of grace,
With teardrop eyes of blue,
Of lofty dreams and charming face,
I'm sure that she'll be true.

Frances Martin '40

PIXIE PEOPLE

Pixie people come to play
In the woodland, every day.
They dance and sing, and play some games.
They shout and call their playmates names.
They have a lot of merry fun,
But when they see the setting sun
Each one skips off to go to bed.
A soft leaf pillows every head;
The mattress is the downy moss,
The coverlet, a spider's floss.
When all is still, the sandman comes
And with the little tune he hums
They all go drifting off to sleep
Just as the stars begin to peep.
On wings of dreams they fly away
To dreamland till the dawn of day.

Elinor Cole '40

THE WALTZ

Slowly and dreamily they danced an old waltz.
Cheeks gently touching, the music now halts.
Faster and faster, the years seemed so vast,
Gaily they twirled with all cares in the past,
Out to the balcony. They never were missed.
Turning he grasped her and softly they kissed.

Mary DeNault '40

A MOMENT

The sun has sunk behind the hill.
No brilliance now is seen.
A few stars shine—the moon appears,
And Queen Night reigns supreme.

Marcia Barker '40

RECORD

BOYS' LEAP YEAR DANCE

The Sub Deb club certainly made a success of the Mid-Winter dance held on Friday, January 26. If you went with new shoes you probably came home with old shoes. The record *Oh! Johnnie, Oh!* will certainly fall apart the next time it is used, they played it so often. Well, anyway, the people enjoyed it immensely and they all hope for another such dance. I think next time they have a dance they should have a jitterbug contest so that Dot Nicoll will get a prize for such good jitterbugging.

FROM AFRICA TO CALIFORNIA

The pupils of Johnson High School enjoyed a period of movies Wednesday afternoon, January 17, when the Colonial Beacon Oil Co. of New England presented the movies: *Safari On Wheels,* and *Views of the San Francisco World's Fair.* The first reel, *Safari on Wheels,* was about an exploration trip across the heart of Africa in an automobile. The explorers started at Algiers and travelled to Nairobi, a distance of 11,000 miles. The picture was exceedingly interesting and educational. The other reel was about the sights at the fair. This picture also was interesting. We wish to thank Mr. C. Cockroft and the Colonial Beacon Oil Company for the movies.

PURCHASE TALKIE PROJECTOR

The school department is to have a talkie projector. On Monday, January 22, movies were held to raise money for it. The feature picture was *Francis Drake,* a picture about the defeat of the Spanish Armada. There was also a comedy, *Boobs in the Woods, Romeo and Juliet,* a cartoon, and a jungle picture. The primary grade children enjoyed *Romeo and Juliet* the most. The pictures were enjoyed by everyone and we hope they were as great a success financially as Mr. Pitkin expected.

CLUB ACTIVITIES

The Chemistry Club has enjoyed visits to the Jersey Ice Cream Co. and the Meadowbrook Laundry. They intend to make more visits to places of interest in the near future.

* * *

"Resolved: The federal government should own and operate the railroads" was the topic recently debated by the Debating Club. For the affirmative were Joseph Finneran and Kenneth Carvell. For the negative were Francis Martin and George Emmons. The affirmative won by the vote of nine to three.

At the second meeting there was a debate on whether North Andover should have a new high school or not. The speakers for the affirmative were John Greenler and Alfred Desjardins; for the negative, Stuart Stillings and Robert Kimel.

Some of the members of the club

are going to participate in the American Legion oratorical contest and we wish them good luck.

* * *

The Sub-Deb and the Dramatic clubs held an enjoyable party and dance December 18, in the high school assembly hall. Refreshments were served, games played, and everyone had a grand time.

* * *

The Hobby and Glee clubs held a leap year party on January 3. During the evening, many games were played, such as the Virginia Reel and John Paul Jones. To make the evening complete, Miss Phyllis Terret, a member of the Dramatic Club, sang and danced. Refreshments were served.

THE AMERICAN LEGION ORATORICAL CONTEST

The oratorical contest which was held Wednesday evening, February 7, resulted in a victory for Joseph Finneran. His subject was "The American Bill of Rights." The other contestants were John Greenler, whose subject was, "The Advantages of a Democracy," and Robert Kimel who spoke about "The Constitution in everyday life." The judges of the contest were, Mr. Daniel F. Shea, Rev. Fr. Joseph Hanly and Mrs. Herbert McQuestion. The victor spoke over Station WLAW Thursday afternoon at 4:45. He will compete with other winners and we hope he will be victorious.

ART WORK

The art work in this issue of the *Journal* was done by the following persons: Front cover was designed and cut by Isabelle Rabs. The pictures within the covers were drawn by Laurel Ayer and Robert Matthe-son, and linoleum cuts from them were made by Virginia Wentworth.

EXCHANGES

The Cub, Ipswich, Mass.

Your last copy is a supercolossal edition that devotes its unlimited space primarily to poems with occasional essays and short stories intervening.

The Meteor, Berlin, N. H.

This book is literally a Pupil's Digest with A-1 contributions from the frontispiece to finis.

Rocks and Pebbles, Rockport, Mass.

We enjoyed your magazine to the utmost. Your literary section was high in interest as well as in educational value.

The Keyhole, Burlington H. S.

A fine magazine. Your "Fixit Club" is unique, and comical.

The Cryptian, Crypt School, Gloucester, England.

This magazine is well arranged and full of essays and school news. The staff has done well to get the issues out, in spite of the war over there.

ALUMNI NOTES

Helen Greenler '39 is now attending Emanuel College.

Charles H. Foster, Jr., '39 is enrolled at M. I. T.

Robert Downing '39 is also enrolled at M. I. T.

Hilda Binns '39 has taken up studies at the Lowell State Teachers' College.

Barbara Dillon '39 is attending Boston University.

William Driscoll '39 has begun studies at the University of New Hampshire.

John Campbell '39 is now at Northeastern University.

Ruth Derby '39 is attending the Leland Powers School of Dramatics.

Frances Debrowski '38 is attending Radcliffe.

Mary Peel '39 is also at Radcliffe.

DEBATE

History 3-2 class held a debate on the question, "Resolved: The United States should adopt the president's two billion dollar policy. The affirmative side was capably handled by Douglas Culpon and Robert Weatherbee. The negative side was competently given by Constance Kruschwitz and Betty Hopping. Thomas Lesure was the chairman, John Greenler was the timer and the class served as the judges. By a unanimous vote, the affirmative side was awarded the decision.

BASKETBALL

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

The girls' basketball team started out very successfully this season by winning the first four games which were played with Dracut, Burlington, Howe and Tewksbury. All were played on the home floor. The scores were:

Johnson	19	Dracut	13
Johnson	67	Burlington	16
Johnson	27	Howe	18
Johnson	33	Tewksbury	20

The next three games played were with Wilmington, Chelmsford and Methuen. The Wilmington vs. Johnson game resulted in a victory for Wilmington with a score of 36-21. The girls did not lose hope, however, and they defeated Chelmsford with a score of 21-18. The game was played on Chelmsford's floor.

Then came the Methuen game. The first and second teams played and won with scores of: First Team, 31-20; Second Team, 29-20.

All in all the girls are right in the pink and hope to win the forthcoming games. The line-up for the first team is as follows: Marcia Barker, Helen Polichnowski, Anna Mackie, Madeline Cashman, Shirley Harrison, Ruth Kennedy.

Reserves for first team are: Barbara Dearden, Elaine Kelly, Katherine Earl.

The next games which were played were Tewksbury, Dracut, Wilmington, and Howe. The Tewksbury game was played on Tewksbury's court. The score was a victory for Johnson, 33 to 11. Johnson was also victorious in the next game with Dracut by a score of 20 to 11. Wilmington was next and the girls went in, pitching hard, but the final score was a victory for Wilmington. The girls kept up hope and fought hard but lost again to Howe, 20 to 26.

BOYS' BASKETBALL

Dracut

The Johnson High basketball team opened its 1940 season by defeating a strong Dracut five 19 to 18 on the latter's court. Dracut held the lead throughout three periods but was overhauled in the last few minutes of play when the Johnson quintet went on a scoring spree. When the final whistle blew Johnson was in the lead. Captain Philip Miller was the high scorer of the game, getting a total of nine points.

Burlington

The team chalked up its second victory by defeating Burlington High 23 to 17. The teams were fairly well matched but Burlington was not acquainted with the Johnson court. Robert Sullivan was the high scorer

of the game with a total of nine points, while Philip Miller was runner-up with six. The victory gave Johnson a tie with Howe High for the top position in the league standing.

Howe

On their third game Coach Cavalieri's boys encountered Howe High of Billerica and were victorious by a 16 to 15 score. Johnson was behind at the half-way mark 8 to 4 but came back in the second half to eke out a one point victory. With only one minute to play Robert Sullivan sank the basket which not only won the game for Johnson but also gave them a firm grip on the first place position of the Lowell Suburban League.

Central Catholic

Johnson maintained its undefeated record by defeating Central Catholic of Lawrence 31 to 25 on the latter's home court. At the end of the first period Johnson was leading 11 to 5, but at the half-way mark Central Catholic had climbed until they were only one point behind, 14 to 13. In the third and last periods Johnson went on a scoring spree and at the whistle they were leading. In the preliminary game the Johnson seconds were also victorious, defeating the Central Catholic seconds 10 to 2.

Tewksbury

The team chalked up its fourth consecutive league victory by defeating Tewksbury High 35 to 13. By virtue of the win Johnson remained at the top of the Lowell Suburban league race. James Flanagan, Robert Sullivan, Arthur Greenwood, and Captain Philip Miller all featured for Johnson.

Wilmington

Johnson High strengthened its hold on the top of the Lowell Suburban league by defeating Wilmington High 18 to 15 on the Johnson court. Wilmington led throughout the first and second periods, but going into the final quarter with the score tied 13 all Johnson staged a fast offensive to wind up with an 18 to 15 victory. Honors of the game were divided between Captain Philip Miller of Johnson and Foye of Wilmington. Art Greenwood has proved he can shoot pretty well, when he is shooting for the wrong team.

Chelmsford

In their seventh game of the season Johnson met Chelmsford High and were defeated for the first time by a 48 to 15 score. The Johnson boys were at a loss to stop the fast and snappy Chelmsford quintet. At the end of the first half Chelmsford was out in front 32 to 2 and were never threatened throughout the entire game.

Methuen

Methuen High defeated the Johnson High team in their first meeting of the season. The Blue and White varsity chalked up a 19 to 14 victory. At the end of the first half Johnson was out in front 11 to 6. Methuen pulled out in front in the final half and when the whistle blew they had won 19 to 14. "Eddie" Boehm was high scorer for Methuen, getting a total of twelve points, while Arthur Greenwood excelled for Johnson with five points.

Tewksbury

In their ninth game of the season our boys entertained Tewksbury High and were victorious by a 24 to 22 score. Miller and Greenwood featured for Johnson, while Thompson excelled for Tewksbury.

Dracut

On their second meeting, Johnson defeated Dracut High 24 to 12. The score was tied nine all at the half but Johnson pulled into a 17 to 10 lead in the third period, and went still farther in the last period to finish far in front. Captain Miller was

high scorer collecting a total of nine points.

Johnson at Central

The team rolled over Central at home in a game that featured a fast passing brand of basketball. At the half the score was 5 to 5, but from here on, it was all Johnson. Central scored 1 point in the second half to Johnson's 13. The final score was 18 to 6.

Johnson at Wilmington

Johnson took Wilmington into camp to the tune of 32 to 16. At no time were the boys hard pressed, and every one on the squad saw action. Captain Miller featured by scoring 12 points.

Johnson at Howe

By turning on the heat in the last period, Johnson managed to win a see-saw battle that had the crowd on the edge of their seats from start to finish. It was a tough one to lose, but this win assures us of second place at least.

Lowell Suburban League

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
Chelmsford	9	0	1.000
Johnson	9	1	.900
Howe	6	3	.667
Burlington	5	5	.500
Dracut	2	8	.200
Wilmington	1	9	.111
Tewksbury	1	9	.111

Lawrence Suburban League

Team	Won	Lost	Pct.
*Johnson	2	1	.667
Methuen	1	1	.500
Punchard	1	1	.500
Central Catholic	0	2	.000

*Johnson plays Punchard only once.

CHATTER

What sophomore girl goes around in a dazed manner singing, "Oh Johnny! Oh!"? What sophomore boy responds?

About what sophomore girl's house do four Lawrence boys congregate? Incidentally D. W. are her initials.

A sophomore boy and girl will celebrate their second anniversary. She rode past his house on a bicycle. That's how it started.

What freshman pupil is simply crazy about basketball? Or a senior basketball player?

Alice B., what happened to all those honors you got in grammar school? Maybe it's that too, too, attractive George B. that sits next to you all the time.

Raymond! Since when did you fry potatoes in water?

What senior boy will be middle-aisling it before we know it?

Is Doris Rea trying to start a new style or just what was she doing walking around the hall with only one shoe on?

What senior boy is two-timing two junior girls?

JOKES

"Did the voyage cure you of your insomnia?"

"Absolutely."

"Well, that must be a relief."

"It certainly is. Why, I lie awake half the night thinking how I used to suffer from it."

Tailor (after measuring customer): "How about a small deposit?"

Customer: "Just as you like; if that's the style, put one on."

Tit: "Where are all girls equally beautiful?"

Tat: "In the dark."

Sam: "Everything you tells me goes right in one of mah ears an' den it done go out de other."

Ham: "An why wooden it? Dey's nuttin' dere to stop it."

Prof.: "A fool can ask more questions than a genius can answer."

Freshman: "No wonder I flunked."

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